

**The Legend of Luther Strode**  
**Issue One/Draft One**  
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**Page One**

Panel One - Establishing shot of an extremely seedy looking hotel, two stories, with the doors leading to the outside. There aren't any hallways here.

CAPTION

Five years later.

CAPTION

Yeah, well, I don't care what you think...

Panel Two - Inside one of the motel rooms, which is, if anything, even more seedy than the outside. A skinny guy is sitting at a busted up card table, counting a stack of money and smoking like a fiend. We'll call this guy Fred. There is a silver revolver on the table beside him.

FRED

...there's no way my girls are going to do any of that. I have a responsibility, you know.

Panel Three - We see the man he is talking to, who we'll call Bob, who is massive and hairy, slumping on the bed, his sheer weight causing the bed to nearly buckle. His hands dangle between his knees, and he is idly holding a .45. He looks bored.

BOB

It's a lot of money. Get out of this shithole money. I think I got fleas.

Panel Four - We can see them both now.

FRED

Yeah, well, if your family had climbed

a little further up the evolutionary tree,  
maybe you wouldn't have fur or fleas.

FRED

Anyway, it's a lot of money because  
it's suicide. We won't be around to spend  
it, which, I always thought, was sort of  
the point of money.

Panel Five - Bob looks towards the door as he begins to stand up.

BOB

I'm just sayin'

FRED

You're always just sayin. Look, the  
girls are happy, we're doing okay  
and you get to smash a trucker's head  
in every so often.

SFX

Knock knock.

BOB

Shit.

Panel Six - Bob leans down to look out the peephole.

BOB

Must be Gracie. I was hopin'  
she be in. That girl blows my  
mind...?

## **Page Two**

Panel One - And Luther's fist punches straight through the peephole,  
the door, and poor Bob's head.

SFX

SQRRCH.

Panel Two - Fred goes for the gun, dropping money as he does so.

FRED  
Bob!?

Panel Three - Luther, still unseen, pulls the late Bob through the door. It looks unpleasant.

SFX  
Crrrnch.

Panel Four - Fred has the revolver in both hands.

FRED  
I got a gun. I got a big friggin gun!

FRED  
With bullets!

Panel Five - The shattered door, with no indication that anything is going on outside.

Panel Six - Fred steps out the door, the gun still held out in front of him. The room was on the second floor walkway, and while there is a lot of blood, there's no sign of Bob.

FRED  
Shoot. Shoot. Shoot.

### **Page Three**

Panel One - Fred looks over the bloody railing, drawing the revolver up near his face as he looks over. His face goes even paler. Tradd, if you can do it subtle, can you maybe put a Luther sized shadow. It needs to be nearly subliminal, though.

FRED  
Ah, man.

Panel Two – We see from the POV of Fred looking over the railing that the basically headless corpse has smashed into Fred’s pimped out truck. Think the PussyWagon from Kill Bill.

CAPTION

Sorry, Bob.

Panel Three – Fred turns away, half closing his eyes, looking like he’s trying not to throw up, and not noticing that Luther is there, behind him.

FRED

I think...

Panel Four – ...until he slams right into him.

FRED

Ooofff.

Panel Five – Seen from Luther’s POV, looking down as Fred looks up, Fred is stumbling down, cowering. Fred is so terrified that he doesn’t even think of shooting him.

FRED

Oh, god. You’re real. You’re

Panel Six – We sort of see Luther here, as Fred tries to crawl away. He’s mostly a shadow, with maybe the mask being the only visible things.

FRED

...him.

## **Page Four**

Panel One – Close on Fred’s driver’s license. Some blood is beginning to drip down over the picture.

Panel Two – We pull out a bit, and we see Luther’s gloved and bloody hands pushing a nail through the license. We see some licenses around it, including Bob’s, all smeared with blood.

Panel Three – Pull out much further, and we’re looking at Luther from behind standing in front of an entire wall of licenses. He’s killed lots and lots of people.

Panel Four – The bloody gloves drop down on the floor.

Panel Five – Followed by the bloody jacket.

Panel Six – Luther drops the mask, stained and bloody, on top of the pile.

### **Page Five**

Panel One – A shot of Luther washing his hands in a five gallon bucket of water.

#### **CAPTION**

Imagine what it would take.

Panel Two – Naked Luther from behind, slopping water over himself.

#### **CAPTION**

Imagine if all you had in life...

Panel Three – The water splashes at his feet, and it’s a murky red color.

#### **CAPTION**

...was death.

Panel Four – A big panel, where we see Luther sitting cross legged on the floor, apparently meditating, his head is slumped, and his hair prevents us from seeing anything of his face. But we’re mostly seeing here is his lair. He’s holed up in an abandoned building, and there is no power and no plumbing, lit by candles. There are piles of food garbage around

#### **CAPTION**

Imagine what you would become.

### **Page Six**

Panel One – We see Duvall’s stony impassive face. Duval is about sixty, mostly bald, but one of those guys who looks like he’s slowly turning to stone as he gets older. Thick neck, powerful shoulders, dark suit. He’s holding a cup of coffee, and has absolutely no expression. He’s sitting in a booth in a restaurant.

DUVALL

Imagine if you had a point.

Panel Two – We see the other side of the conversation. This is Michael Hill, son of the late James Hill, crime boss. He’s about twenty five, thin, green eyes and reddish tinted hair, slightly long and slightly curling. He’s dressed nicely, with an expensive watch, but not in a suit. He’s yuppie crime casual. He’s sitting in the other side of the booth

HILL

I do have a point. You think the fact that half the guys you used to work with are dead isn’t a little weird? Just a little bit?

HILL

Hell, not just dead. Mutilated. Do you think we just have a particularly persistent wild dog problem?

Panel Three – We pull back and get a decent view of the scene. They’re in a dinner, in the corner booth. There are a handful of other generally goonish looking dudes just sort of hanging around, but none are within easy hearing distance. At the counter, apparently completely oblivious to everything, is Binder.

DUVALL

Your father didn’t think there was anything to this bullshit legend.

HILL

Well, I’m not my father.

DUVALL

Believe me, I know.

Panel Four – Hill frowns, and slides a newspaper across the table.

HILL  
Look at this.

Panel Five – Duvall picks up the paper.

DUVALL  
So, two assholes died. Happens all  
the time.

Panel Six – Hill frowns

HILL  
That's my point, actually. Those are  
our assholes. And you don't seem to  
care.

## **Page Seven**

Panel One – Duvall leans forward, and Hill leans back a bit.

HILL  
But I do. And we're going to do  
something about it.

DUVALL  
Look, Mikey, I know you're  
getting used to taking over for  
your Dad, but –

HILL  
Can I ask you a question, Dub?

Panel Two – Hill leans in this time, looking aggressive.

HILL  
Did you call my dad Jimmy or did  
you call him Mr. Hill?

DUVALL  
I –

HILL

I am not my father, as you like to point out. But I am my father's son. Did you argue with him?

DUVALL

No.

Panel Three - Hill smiles a mean smile.

HILL

No?

DUVALL

No, Mr. Hill.

Panel Four - Hill leans back, smug, and smiles.

HILL

Good. Thank you, Mr. Duvall.

GOON(OP)

We ain't open.

Panel Five - Hill starts to turn and Duvall leans over to the side as they try to see the commotion.

GOON(OP)

I said—

SFX

Thunk!

Panel Six - Said goon collapses in a heap beside the table, laid out like a board, flat on his back, trailing blood through the air as he does. Duvall and Hill look down at him. Hill is smiling, and Duvall has almost raised an eyebrow.

DUVALL

Huh.

HILL

Ah, great...

**Page Eight**



Panel One - Big panels, where we reveal our two assassins. Well, hitmen, anyway. Assassins seems a little too classy. This is Grinch and Strayer, and they are good sized guys. All of the unknocked out goons are either pointing guns at them or are in the process of drawing guns. Binder is watching, smiling with vague amusement, not doing a damn thing.

Grinch has long hair, slicked back, and is wearing sunglasses, a military jacket over jeans and a heavy metal tee shirt.

Strayer is somewhat thinner, and completely bald. Wearing different clothes than Grinch, but similar.

HILL  
..our guests are here.

GRINCH  
Any other assholes got anything to say?

STRAYER  
Nothing?

GRINCH  
Good.

Panel Two - Hill is standing, his arms spread in a kind of welcoming gesture.

HILL  
Gentlemen, thanks for coming. You come with the highest recommendations.

HILL  
Everyone else can stop pointing their guns before someone gets shot.

Panel Three - Grinch and Strayer walk by.

GRINCH  
Thanks.

STRAYER  
We'd hate to have to kill your guys.

GRINCH  
Especially without getting paid.

Panel Four – Hill gestures at the booth.

HILL  
Mr. Grinch, Mr. Strayer. Please,  
have a seat.

Panel Five – Duvall, looks up at Grinch and Strayer.

DUVALL  
Yeah?

Panel Six – Grinch and Strayer loom.

GRINCH  
You gonna move?

STRAYER  
Or do you need to be moved?

## **Page Nine**

Panel One – Duvall is on his feet. Right in their faces.

DUVALL  
Heh. I like that. Funny, you're funny.

HILL (OP)  
Mr. Duvall.

Panel Two – Duvall looks over at the reader.

Panel Three – Hill smiles at him, completely and utterly insincere.

HILL  
Let our gentlemen have a seat.

HILL  
Now.

Panel Four – Duvall shoves past, shoulder bumping Grinch.

DUVALL  
Fine, Mr. HILL.

Panel Five – Grinch and Strayer slide into the booth.

STRAYER  
Charming. Are all your associates that nice?

GRINCH  
Or is it just us?

Panel Six – Hill and the assassins in the booth.

HILL  
Just some pains during this transitional period.

HILL  
Now, gentlemen, let's talk about work.

## **Page Ten**

Panel One – Outside of a brick multistory apartment type building, which looks fairly beat and rundown. There is a big black van parked outside of it, and women are being led by goons through the front door. There are two good guards on either side of the front door.

Panel Two – Closer, as the last of the girls is led through the door. We see Strayer inside the door, automatic shotgun in hand, looking out.

GIRL  
I don't want to do this.

STRAYER  
Huh, well, I don't remember asking so that all works out.

Panel Three – The door slams between the two goons.

GOON1

Jesus.

GOON2

Relax, dude. Nothing's going to happen.

GOON1

Uh huh.

Panel Four - The guard goon1 looks wary.

GOON1

Why the shit is he still here.

GOON2

Give him a minute. He's probably looking for the good stations on the radio.

GOON1

Uh huh.

Panel Five - Goon 1 walks up the side of the van, gun at the ready. We can't see the driver, but we can see his arm hanging out the side of the van/

GOON1

Hey, you need to haul ass, man. We need clear lines of sight. So get--

Panel Six - Mostly the same, but now blood has dripped down the hand. The goon's face drops.

GOON1

Shit.

## **Page Eleven**

Panel One - He turns and starts to yell.

GOON1

He's here! Call th—

Panel Two – But a garbage can lid sails through the air and slams right into his teeth, driving itself into the side of the van, hard enough to embed.

SFX

Thunk.

GOON1

Gurk!

Panel Three – The goon's body slides to the side while his head remains on the lid.

Panel Four – The other goon is freaking the fuck out at this, and he starts firing his gun wildly as he back towards the door.

GOON2

Letmeinletmeinletmeinhesfuckingreal!

SFX

Ratatatatatatatatatat.

Panel Five – We see the inside of the door, where Strayer and half a dozen goons have used one of those floor lock things to barricade the door, and are waiting for Luther with machine guns and, in Strayer's case, an automatic shotgun with a drum and a shoulder strap.

SFX

Ratatatatattatatatat.

STRAYER

Earlier than I figured. Wait for it.

Panel Six – The men prepare themselves.

STRAYER

Asshole numero dos is dead. He's coming in.

GOON

Do you hear something?

STRAYER  
It sounds like FUCK!

## **Page Twelve**

Panel One - Big panel. Tradd, I figured you might want to do this as a spread. The van smashes through the door in reverse as Strayer throws himself out of the way. Two of the other goons aren't so lucky, and a third is smacked in the face with the severed head from outside.

SFX  
SMASH!

Panel Two - Strayer comes up firing, still on one knee. Snarling.

STRAYER  
Fucking try to run me over. My Daddy  
tried to run me over.

STRAYER  
Once.

SFX  
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

STRAYER  
For fuck's sake, get your shit together and  
SHOOT!

Panel Three - The surviving goons have gotten their wits about them and they've started firing as well.

SFX  
RATATATATATATATATATATATAT

SFX  
Bangbangbangbangbang.

SFX  
BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Panel Four - From behind them, looking over the shoulder, the van is being riddled with holes. Destroyed.

## **Page Thirteen**

Panel One - Strayer holds up a hand.

STRAYER  
That's enough. He's hamburger.

Panel Two - They look at the van, which really is blasted to hell and back. They've managed to put an impressive number of holes in it considering the short time frame of shooting they had available to them.

Panel Three - Same basic panel, but blood leaks out from underneath the doors at the back.

Panel Four - Strayer reaches forward, keeping his shotgun at the ready for any surprises, and begins to pull the door open.

STRAYER  
Keep it together. And for fuck's sake,  
don't shoot me. That shit pisses me off.

Panel Five - The door is open see goon number two in the back, head twisted around backwards and, now, riddled with bullets but no sign of Luther.

Panel Six - Strayer looks pissed and begins to turn around.

STRAYER  
Distraction! He's coming in some other way.  
Get your asses turned and your eyes open.

## **Page Fourteen**

Panel One - Luther grabs Strayer's legs.

Panel Two - Close up of Strayer's face.

STRAYER  
Oh, fuck me!

Panel Three - Strayer slams to the ground as an unseen Luther grabs him by the ankles.

Panel Four - The goons hesitate, not knowing what to do, looking around confused.

GOON  
Should we shoot? Are we shooting?

Panel Five - Strayer is drug underneath the van

STRAYER  
Do something, for the love of god he's—

Panel Six - Strayer squeezes a shot off with the shotgun.

SFX  
Boom!

Panel Seven - The stray shot blasts out the throat of one of the goons.

GOON1  
We—

Panel Eight - One of the goons beside him, his face sprayed with blood from the goon beside him, decides that it is time to get the hell out of Dodge.

GOON2  
No.

GOON2  
Fuck no.

Panel Nine - He is off and running, and the rest of the goons are in the process of turning and running away at the same time.

**Page Fifteen**



Panel One - The first goon runs through a door at the bottom of the stair, the other goons right behind him.

Panel Two - He has the door slammed behind him, pressing his back up to it, face and shirt covered in blood and sweat. He is fucking terrified.

GOON3(OP)  
You son of a bitch!

GOON4(OP)  
I will kill you! I will kill you twice.

GOON3(OP)  
Open the damn door or JESUSNO!

GOON2  
He's here. He's fucking here?

Panel Two - We get a reveal of the room, and we see that Grinch is there. The girls are around him, seated. They are actually armed themselves, so we should cut the panel off before we can see the guns in their hands.

GRINCH  
Yeah, I got that. Strayer?

Panel Three - Screaming from outside the door.

GOON  
He was pulled under the van. I think he's dead.

Panel Four - Grinch looks surprisingly unaffected by this.

GRINCH  
Huh. Too bad. And you just left him there? Instead of, I don't know, doing your job?

Panel Five - The Goon is smashed to the floor as the door collapses.

GOON  
I— AHH!

SFX

Crunch.

Panel Six - Luther in silhouette. Standing on the door, which has caused the goon who is trapped underneath it eyeballs to pop out.

## **Page Sixteen**

Panel One - Grinch and the girls, who are all pointing guns at him. Grinch has a mean smile on his face.

GRINCH

Surprise, chuckles.

Panel Two - Luther leaps, as bullets fly around him.

Panel Three - Luther slams into Grinch, pinning the gun between them as he drives Grinch back.

GRINCH

You are fast.

Panel Four - Grinch lets go of the gun as Luther begins to crush it, reaching behind him as Luther slams him into the wall.

GRINCH

Uff.

Panel Five -... and comes up with a big, damn near machete sized knife, driving it hard towards Luther's side.

GRINCH

But, hell...

Panel Six -...and jams it into Luther.

GRINCH

...so am I?

## **Page Seventeen**

Panel One –...to absolutely no effect. Grinch screams for the girls to start shooting.

GRINCH

Shit. Bitches keep shooting or I will jam those guns up all your asses.

Panel Two – Luther drives his hand deep into Grinch's chest...

GRINCH

No fucking way.

Panel Three –...and flings him at the girls, who are half heartedly firing. In the process, he rips his heart out of his chest. Grinch's bloody corpse hits three of the girls, his sheer size knocking them down.

Panel Four –...and Luther is suddenly THERE, looming over the other girls, who have stopped shooting.

GIRL

I didn't...I didn't want to.

Panel Five – Luther looms, blood dripping from his hands, and it's unclear what he might do to the girls.

CAPTION

Please...

## **Page Eighteen**

Panel One – Close on Luther's masked face, on a television screen.

CAPTION

...I've seen enough.

Panel Two – Pull out and we see Binder sitting beside Hill and Duvall, a smile on his face and a remote in his hand. Binder’s face and hand.

BINDER  
No stomach for it, eh? Well, don’t  
let it worry you, those girls are just  
fine. Hose em off and they’ll be back  
to work in no time.

Panel Three – Duvall looks like Duvall, standing straight with no expression.

DUVALL  
How many?

BINDER  
Pardon?

DUVALL  
How many of our guys died for  
your little experiment, Binder?

Panel Four – Binder looks like he might be counting in his head.

BINDER  
All of them?

Panel Five – Duvall gives him the hard stare, while Hill smiles. Binder points.

BINDER  
Hey, I only did what y’all asked me to.  
You wanted proof? You wanted to know  
if the legend was real?

Panel Six – Luther’s face on the screen again.

BINDER(OP)  
There it is.

**Page Nineteen**

Panel One – Hill smiles.

HILL

There it is.

Panel Two – Hill stands up and does a kind of a fist pump thing. Dude is fucking excited.

HILL

There it fucking is!

Panel Three – Binder smiles, looking all grandfatherly.

BINDER

Well, hell, if I knew you were going to be this excited, I'd have had you on scene.

Panel Four – Duvall glowers.

DUVALL

Fucking terrific.

Panel Five – Hill and Binder turn to look at him.

BINDER

Your cheerful demeanor never fails to light up my day.

HILL

Jesus, Dubby, can't you ever fucking smile.

Panel Six – Duvall fixes him with a cold glare.

DUVALL

I should smile because this asshole got a dozen guys killed and we still didn't get said asshole? I should smile at that, should I?

## **Page Twenty**

Panel One – Binder laughs. Duvall narrows his eyes.

BINDER

Well, see, if the point of this exercise were to kill your guy, then yeah, I can see why you wouldn't be smiling.

DUVALL

So this was on purpose, then? Did you think we had too many guys working for us? Because there are easier ways to downsize.

Panel Two - Binder still beams, but Hill tries to placate a bit.

HILL

No, we were trying to kill him. We just weren't expecting to.

DUVALL

Then what was the fucking point, Mr. Hill?

Panel Three - Binder and Hill.

HILL

Well...

BINDER

I got this, Mike.

Panel Four - Binder leans in a bit, elbow on knee.

BINDER

We know your boy is real. We know that if we're gonna take care of this problem, we're gonna need to step up the game.

Panel Five - Binder smiles and shrugs.

BINDER

Which, of course, is why I offered up my particular expertise to Mike to begin with.

## Page Twenty One

Panel One - Hill looks thoughtful.

HILL

And why I hired him. Do you still think I was full of shit, Dubby?

DUVALL

No.

HILL

See, progress.

Panel Two - Duvall, Hill and Binder.

HILL

This is beautiful. He's real, and we can prove it. Now, imagine if we can kill him?

Panel Three - Duvall shrugs.

DUVALL

I don't see how we're any better off than we were before. Yeah, okay, the bogeyman that's been killing our guys is real...

Panel Four - Duvall looks over at the other two.

DUVALL

...but he also waltzed through our guys like smoke, and killed your two special operators.

BINDER

Grinch and Strayer? There wasn't anything special about those punks. Just attitude and luck. No loss there.

DUVALL

Yeah, well, we still...

Panel Five – Hill holds up a hand.

HILL  
...don't know who he is where he is or  
how he can slaughter a dozen good bad  
men with his bare hands?

Panel Six – Binder, Hill and Duval all turn to look at the person who  
has entered the room.

PETRA (OP)  
Yeah, well....

## **Page Twenty Two**

Panel One – Big panel of Petra, a huge goon right behind her, leaning  
against the doorway.

PETRA  
...I think I can probably help you  
with that.

Panel Two – Duvall looks at Hill, and Binder raises an eyebrow.

DUVALL  
Who the fuck is she?

Panel Three – Hill smiles and holds out his hands.

HILL  
She is late. This'd be our other consultant.  
She claims to have and, seriously, had better  
have, insider information about our own  
personal nemesis.

Panel Four – Petra flops down on a chair as if she owned the place.

PETRA  
Talk dark and murderous there is Luther



Strode. He ruined my life, so...

Panel Five – Close on Petra’s smiling face.

PETRA

...I’m going to help you kill him.

**END ISSUE ONE**